

# OPERATION DIABLO

## The Secret Story Of How William Randolph Hearst, Sr.'s New York, Public Relations Department Engineered The 1954 Guatemalan Revolution (... Not The CIA)

A few members of the cast of thousands, conscripted on location by Clements advance-men, staging peasant support for the revolutionaries for photos to be "leaked" to the Arbenz government forces. These men have never before seen the unloaded Danish Madsen model 46 sub-machineguns they're posing with, let alone fired them. On loan from the prop department, the weapons will be handed out to new actors in a new village for new photos to be used as new ammunition in Clements "paper" war.





## by Robert Roman

Everybody agrees with the advantages of a college education — but sometimes funny things can happen along the way. Take Robert Roman. There he was happily hitting the books at the University of Miami in 1953 when he was suddenly awarded a scholarship to Nicaragua. It was a vague sort of "cultural interchange" and Roman headed south in hot pursuit of Nicaraguan culture. The search proved elusive, however, so Roman got a job as reporter for a Managua newspaper owned by the President of the Republic, Gen. Anastasio Somoza.

In the course of events, Roman met his boss, the General, who had served with the American Marines in the old days. Somoza was intrigued to discover he had an ex-Marine on his staff. And then the General introduced Roman to a third veteran of the Corps: John Clements. Clements, Somoza and the Hearst organization were working up a dandy revolution to overthrow the Guatemalan Government and who could resist getting involved? Not Roman.

As SOF publisher Brown can testify — he was simultaneously a freelance writer, University of Colorado student and participant in the Cuban Revolution — it is possible to combine college with reporting and Caribbean cloak and dirking. But it's not advisable. It can become a permanent affliction. See what happened to Brown and Roman!

The "war" over, Guatemala happily "liberated," Clements returned to New York and his duties with the Hearst Corporation, which included publishing one of Hearst's magazines. Now a bright-eyed college grad, Roman went off to New York hoping to take a bite out of the Big Apple. About all that Roman accomplished in New York was to take a bite out of Clements by making him buy a few magazine pieces. That established a life-long pattern.

Like most of SOF mag's characters, Roman soon found that earning a 9 to 5 living is too much of a strain. He went back to the Caribbean to work for Generalissimo Trujillo of the Dominican Republic. This time it was Clements who turned up. He was renting Hearst's International News Service to Trujillo — yes, troops, renting; in this business you find you can rent the damndest things; Trujillo, for instance, also rented a swarm of American Congressmen and other people whose names you'd recognize — and Clements and the Generalissimo were involved in several other fascinating projects.

Roman later joined International Services of Information. Except for Clements' operation, ISI was the only American-based private secret service on a global scale. The founder, Col. Ulius Amoss died, and ISI slowly went bankrupt. Clements did his best to help, financially and with contacts, but ISI expired. Virtually until his death, Clements continued to assist Roman in myriad ways.

**Below:** This is a typical John Clements — cigar, bow tie, half-smile, screw-you posture. In Guatemala, Clements and his PR agency successfully organized the overthrow of a pro-Communist government.



him over the years. John Clements was a kind of living legend in this business and he was a power in Washington; he knew where the bodies were buried."

Two hours after Clements died of a heart attack, Hearst executives burst into Clements' Washington office in the National Press Club, ransacked it and broke open his locked desk and files. They seized all his papers and tapes. Apparently frightened by what might be exposed in an investigation, Hearst then tried to sever all possible legal connection with the late John Clements. His terminally-ill (bone cancer) wife was even denied a pension by the company her husband had served for more than 40 years. Harassed, terrified, Mrs. Clements wants it known that she has destroyed all the records and correspondence Clements kept in their Watergate apartment from which the Hearsts have now evicted her.

The wanderers of the world must regret the passing of the old Gran Hotel in Managua, demolished in the 1972 Nicaraguan earthquake. It was a monument to a dying era. Grim, stolid and ugly on the outside, the rooms were just as bad inside; the service was poor, the food terrible. Still, for years it was about the only real hotel in town and was usually crowded with foreigners. For

**Below:** William Randolph Hearst, grandfather of Patty Hearst and scion of a huge publishing empire, utilized his International News Service as a private intelligence agency.



"It was a curious relationship," Roman said. "It wasn't a father-son thing, by any means, but he was childless and he had a sort of paternal interest in keeping me alive and out of jail and things like that. He also taught me a lot. I reciprocated to some extent. I funnelled a lot of information to

that reason, and because it was also one of the biggest buildings in Managua, it was occasionally seized by rebels who held the guests hostages.

But it was the lobby of the Gran that made it an institution. A huge high ceiling with overhead fans that actually



battled somewhat successfully with Managua's numbing heat. Thirty or forty tiny tables were clustered among parrot cages, strolling peacocks, an occasional marimba band, the service bar, the hotel desk, and anything else Mr. and Mrs. Jacobsen, the managers, could think of to add to the scene. Once, possibly to baffle the guests, they dragged into the lobby a giant tree stump. For a while there was also an ambling ape; he had to go when he started biting people and pulling out the birds' feathers.

But it was the human zoo that was most fascinating. They came from everywhere and for every possible reason. Crop duster pilots like grizzled "Lucky" Penny down from Texas, high-priced whores up from Argentina, political exiles huddled over little bottles of thick, black coffee, would-be speculators who wanted to open casinos in the Corn Islands, treasure hunters who

spectacular career as a flier of fortune, but, like Lazlo, DeLarme picked the wrong side in the Costa Rican caper. But he was to be a blazing success in an operation organized by another Gran Hotel regular. DeLarme's future employer was named John Clements.

Clements was hardly a natural for the Gran lobby. He looked square — literally: stocky body, square Irish face topped by a flat crewcut of stiff white hair. His outlook on life was also essentially square; he was strictly honest, highly moral, considered himself a businessman, and was as deeply patriotic as a colonel of Marines, which he was during World War II. But he was also essentially a soldier of fortune, an outlaw like the rest of us, and the man who set in motion the operation known as "Diablo," the conspiracy to overthrow the Communist-dominated Jacobo Arbenz government of Guatemala.

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had heard there was gold buried along the Rio Coco, European arms dealers angling for an interview with one of the Somozas, foreign newsmen in to cover the latest guerrilla uprising, fishermen eager for a shot at Lake Nicaragua's freshwater sharks — people of both sexes able and eager to offer you any type of goods or services. All that was lacking was a sweating Sidney Greenstreet and a mumbling Peter Lorre.

But they were the transient trade. More important were the Gran regulars. There you'd find the giant Hungarian, Lazlo Pataky, ex-everything — ex-Foreign Legionnaire, ex-colonel in the Israeli Army, ex-commander of Pres. Teodoro Picado's bodyguard during Costa Rica's 1948 revolution, ex-gunrunner and ex-a few other occupations that a friend shouldn't mention. There would be American coffee and cotton planters in sweaty khakis; perhaps most spectacular was the massive gringo who had a finca near Matagalpa. Once when he was at Managua's Las Mercedes airport he was accused of peeing on the Nicaraguan flag flying there — which would have been a mighty feat since the flagpole is 50 feet high. He was attacked by a mob. In a fight which wrecked the terminal building, he cracked a score or more of skulls and walked out on two feet. The incident became a local legend.

An ever more legendary regular in the Gran Lobby was Jerry DeLarme, who had flown in the same Costa Rican revolution. He had piloted a DC-3 with two machineguns poking through the floor. It was the beginning of a rather

A Guatemalan Government spokesman charged January 29, 1954: "The conspiracy to overthrow the Guatemalan government, known to the plotters as Diablo, has Nicaragua as its base.

"General headquarters is in Managua. Operational headquarters is at Puerto Cabezas on Nicaragua's Atlantic coast. Saboteurs, assassins and other terrorists are being trained on the estate of President Anastasio Somoza, Tamarindo, and secret radio stations are being set up in the Nicaraguan capital. The Nicaraguan government is collaborating with the Castillo Armas group, the United States, the Dominican Republic, El Salvador, Venezuela, and the United Fruit Co. In alliance with Guatemalan revolutionaries, they are planning to unleash a reign of terror."

The charge was substantially true. A shaky international coalition was preparing to take action against the Communist-controlled regime of Guatemalan president Jacobo Arbenz. The coup had the blessings of President Eisenhower. The meeting at which Eisenhower green-lighted the operation

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has been described by former Kentucky Senator Thurston B. Morton, then Assistant Secretary of State for Congressional Relations.

The President called the nation's top political and military leaders to a White House conference. Present were Secretary of State John Foster Dulles, Secretary of Defense Charles Wilson, Central Intelligence Agency chief Allen Dulles, the Joint Chiefs of Staff: Adm. Arthur W. Radford, Adm. Robert B. Carney, Gen. Matthew Ridgeway and Gen. Nathan Twining.

"When the plans were laid to overthrow the Communist government of Guatemala," Morton recalled, "I remember his (Eisenhower) saying:

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Colonel Carlos Castillo Armas, chosen by Clements to be the revolutionary leader and new President of Guatemala. He was subsequently assassinated even though warned in advance.



'Are you sure this thing is going to succeed?' And everybody in the room said, 'Yes, it is bound to,' and they gave their reasons. And he said, 'I am prepared to take any steps . . . to see that it succeeds, for if it succeeds it is the people of Guatemala throwing off the yoke of Communism; if it fails, the flag of the U.S. has failed.'"

The foregoing statement is bullshit.

U.S. participation in Diablo was not even wanted. When the U.S. finally did join in, its participation was belated and minimal. Washington's main contribution was money. Over the years the Company has quietly taken credit for ousting the Arbenz regime; the fact is that the only Americans directly involved were privateers, outlaws, not a Fed among them.

There were two people directly



responsible for Diablo. One was John Clements, who died in New York of a heart attack in July 1975, and Gen. Anastasio Somoza, President of Nicaragua, assassinated October 1956. Somoza, particularly, opposed U.S. intervention; he merely wanted pledges of non-interference from Washington. The U.S. did get in on the act eventually but its only important role, apart from money, was in supplying two badly needed replacement aircraft. Arms were also airlifted in but were never used.

An incredible array of other outsiders



Guatemalan peasants, hastily recruited as "extras" for the Hearst-Clements production, fumble with their bolt-action Mosin-Nagant M1891-30 rifles for the photographer.

did get involved in the Guatemalan revolution. Apart from Clements and Somoza, there was Gen. Marcos Perez Jimenez of Venezuela — he put in a bundle of his oil money — Generalissimo Trujillo, who had a handy spy network that covered the Caribbean, a very shaky Honduran government, Washington lobbyists like Thomas Corcoran, friendly U.S. Congressmen, American soldiers of fortune of the old breed — and, above all, the global organization of the Hearst empire.

That's right — the Hearst empire, William Randolph Hearst. The Hearsts must have a thing for private armies. But while Patty Hearst was only a private in the so-called Symbionese Liberation Army, grandpa William Randolph was commander in chief of a private global

intelligence network based primarily on the old International News Service and with plenty of contract mercenaries on tap. Chief of staff was Hearst Corporation vice president John Clements. For years, the Hearst operation was the only real American intelligence service and even long after the CIA was established it was basically non-functional in Latin America.

This story could never be told in Clements' lifetime. He wouldn't permit it. Now it can and should. It's the James Bondish story of a one-of-a-kind "public relations" firm — John Clements Associates — and a client who wandered in one day. The client was an official of the United Fruit Company and he had heard that there were public-relations people in the Hearst Building at 959 Eighth Avenue in Manhattan who offered unusual services. He was right; when you retained John Clements as your PR man, it was like renting a war machine.

The history of the thing began back in 1934. Old WR, "the Chief," thought the sky was falling in — world-wide depression, surging fascism and Communism. And the United States had no intelligence service. The lord of San Simeon castle was not one to do things in a small way and he decided to organize his own undercover agency. It would serve both the Hearst organization and the country. It would be called a "public relations agency" because neither Hearst nor anybody else has ever figured out what "public relations" means (that includes me and I work for a PR firm; at least that's what it says on my businesscard.)

The Chief selected a bright young reporter to head the corporation: John Clements. Not much effort was made to conceal the fact that it was a Hearst enterprise and that factor also helped attract a small clientele of people in top government and business circles. Basically, Clements relied on a world-wide network of International News Service correspondents, stringers and contacts. They forwarded reports to the Hearst Building for analysis and compilation into in-depth studies. The

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material was then put into the hands of what was probably the world's most select list of the power elite.

Long before the term became current, Jack had the theory that there was really an "establishment." There was, he was

convinced, a hard core of about 50 really key decision-makers in the United States. Expanding on that nucleus there were about 750 other top establishmentarians — get enough of them on your team and you have it made. There were people in government, business, the press, finance, civic groups and so forth. Clements developed his list and cultivated contacts with his shakers and movers for nearly 40 years.

"What you have to have in any major project you're pushing," Jack used to say, "is a Bible." What he meant is that you had to come up with a single document packed with pertinent facts succinctly outlining whatever position you're trying to put across. One such "Bible" was a 221-page mimeographed publication entitled "Report on Guatemala - 1952."

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*Bickering and rivalry reach lethal proportions.*

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The report was commissioned by the United Fruit Company. Its huge holdings in Guatemala were being imperiled by the country's headlong rush into far leftist extremism. And it wanted that report placed in the hands of Clements' blue chip list. Fee paid: \$35,000.

Clements took off for Central America, the first stop being Nicaragua for the first of many sessions with the older Tacho Somoza. They formed an immediate partnership. Clements and his associates then studied Guatemala, conferred with officials in the other countries, then returned to New York to produce the report.

The document eventually became a spectacular success and is a classic example of how the U.S. Government itself can be made a "proxy" and not vice versa. Word for word, it was used in the State Department's 1954 "White Paper" on Guatemala, the State Department's report on "Intervention of International Communism in Guatemala," in speeches and reports to the United Nations and other official documentation. But it was to be much later that the official agencies incorporated the material presented to them by private intelligence. CIA and State tagged along — reluctantly — at a very late date in Diablo. Meanwhile, Clements made clear, they knew very little of what was going on in Central America — and didn't want to know.

The CIA and State Department was completely passive as the situation in Guatemala and all Central America rapidly deteriorated. Guatemala was increasingly being used as a base to

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export revolution to her neighbors and they decided to act — with our without Washington's consent. John Clements Associates and their ill-assorted allies began to become operational.

In late 1953, Clements turned out another report, a 94-page scathing indictment of U.S. officialdom entitled "Report on Central America 1954" which, in essence, supported the thesis that unless the Communist regime was overthrown, the Kremlin would dominate all of Central America and the Panama Canal.

At this point, something clicked in Washington and the CIA moved in. It took charge of distributing the Clements reports to top government officials as the CIA's own. By mistake, one recipient, Vice President Richard Nixon received a copy still bearing the name John Clements Associates, 959 Eighth Avenue, on the cover.

Clements had already organized a small combat team of American pilots and a four-plane air force of aged P-47's. Most of the pilots were American residents in Guatemala. Several American field instructors, free-lancers, not CIA, were training a handful of Guatemalan exiles. A swarm of pseudonymed colonels got in on the act. For reasons best known to conspiratorial minds, there were at least three "Colonel Rutherfords." Clements, ex-Marine colonel, was referred to simply as "the Colonel." Col. Carlos Castillo Armas, leader of the revolutionaries to be, was referred to as el coronel. It got rather confusing.

El Coronel had emerged as the chosen one of the no less than 25 exiles who wanted to be president of Guatemala. He was an odd person, complex. Castillo Armas was short, slender, almost petite. Always immaculate, he looked as though he had been packaged by Bloomingdales. But he was personally brave. He had a dreamy air about him, almost mystical, or perhaps just plain dopey. Some three years later, when I was working for Trujillo, I followed day by day intelligence reports on the development of a conspiracy to assassinate el Coronel. He was warned, loudly and clearly, but he couldn't be aroused from his stupor and was gunned down right on schedule.

Despite his peculiarities, Castillo could be tough and he did have an odd charisma. Four years before, he had led an unsuccessful revolt against the Guatemalan government. He was captured and sentenced to death.

Just prior to his scheduled execution, Castillo Armas made friends with a fellow prisoner, an architect in private life, who had been ordered to draw floor plans of the prison. The originals had been lost. The architect secretly gave Castillo Armas a duplicate of the floor plans, enabling him to tunnel to freedom

two days before he was to have faced the firing squad.

By mid-1953, opposition to the Arbenz regime had begun to crystallize into an active movement. Clements and Somoza handpicked Castillo Armas as top honcho. On December 23, 1953, he and other exile leaders signed what they called the "Tegucigalpa Declaration." It announced that:

"The organized opposition against the Sovietization of Guatemala, aware that the government of Col. Jacobo Arbenz and Dr. Juan Arevalo is acting along lines dictated by international Communism, hereby raise the banner of struggle for national liberation."

It was to be the first of a torrent of publicity. If there was ever a paper war, Diablo was it.

Castillo Armas was named "Supreme Chief" of the National Liberation Movement. Its motto was "God and Honor," its insignia was a sword and cross on a blue field, and its main source of income was now the U.S. Treasury.

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*The presence of rebel troops on Guatemalan soil was expected to have more impact psychologically than militarily.*

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Let us pause, all you SOFs out there, and gloat over that last point. Traditionally, we are the patsies and the pawns of the government; this was one time we reversed the role. The U.S. Government stumbled blindly into Diablo, guided all the way by the privateers in the Hearst Building. You might also ponder the fact that Diablo was a complete success; compare John Clements' PR job to the CIA's Bay of Pigs and all the other official foul-ups and you'll see why there's a bull market for us freelancers.

There is one thing, however, that we have in common with the federales: when you work with exiles, you eventually don't know whether to shoot yourself or them. If you think Cubans or Africans are bad, try working with Central Americans. Bickering and rivalry reach lethal proportions. You find yourself working with people who have lost touch with reality — and after a while you start thinking like them and you have a problem. And the problem is compounded when you have a mad melange of Feds, privateers and rebels mucking about and often working at cross purposes.

From the moment Washington was dragged into Diablo, conflict between the officials and the free-lancers was inevitable. Washington obviously hoped that the Arbenz regime could be toppled or intimidated by diplomatic pressure. Failing that, it would support a conventional invasion by a "Liberation" army. The Feds drew up battle plans for an army that really only existed on paper. On the other hand, Clements had planned a campaign that was almost pure showbeating — a paper war. At that time he had no choice.

The Liberation Army may have been overstocked with colonels, but it was ridiculously short of combat troops. There were plenty of exiles willing to man mimeograph machines but the number of Guatemalans ready and able to handle a machinegun boiled down to less than 300. Their attitudes might be described as "Mimeograph machines, si - machineguns, no!"

Over the years, Jack Clements had developed a theory that successful revolution can be reduced to three principles:

- 1) The armed forces of the target state must be at least partially neutralized;
- 2) Internal public opinion must not be fundamentally hostile to a revolt, and
- 3) Major foreign powers must be unable or unwilling to move decisively against the rebels.

By that criteria, prospects for a swift "liberation" of Guatemala were not good. Therefore, Clements planned no invasion. Instead, he prepared to infiltrate exiles back into the country in a long-range effort to achieve the first two conditions.

But the situation suddenly changed. In April, 1954, all three conditions were secured. And it was the Communists themselves who were responsible.

It began April 10th, in the Polish port city of Stettin. The Swedish freighter M.V. Alfhem, pulled into the still war-battered harbor and began to load some 15,000 crates which had recently arrived by rail from Czechoslovakia. The manifest said they contained optical goods, machinery, hardware and chemicals bound for Dakar.

There was no particular reason for the Alfhem to attract special attention. She had been chartered from the reputable Stockholm firm of Angbats Aktiebolaget. A shipping agent in London had rechartered the Alfhem to the Alfred Christianson Company of Stockholm. Nor was there anything unusual in its presence in Stettin; vessels from neutralist nations carry most of Czechoslovakia's huge volume of exports from East German and Polish ports.

But an alert Hearst agent slipped a message through the Iron Curtain: the Alfhem is being loaded with 15,000 cases of arms and munitions from a Skoda

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factory. Its destination is Guatemala, not French West Africa.

The *Alfhem* steamed quietly out of Stettin on April 18, beginning a voyage that was finally to end in a blaze of international publicity.

U.S. officials made no effort to halt the *Alfhem* en route. Subs tracked the ship on radar while a spotlight of publicity trailed it relentlessly. The ship's destination changed every few days. From Dakar to Curacao, then to Puerto Cortes, Honduras; finally to Puerto Barrios, Guatemala.

On May 15, the *Alfhem* docked at Puerto Barrios and began to discharge 1900 tons of cargo, the biggest munitions shipment to Central America in history.

The United States Government now reacted strongly on all fronts. Secret reports were transmitted to the governments of the nineteen other Latin American republics. A powerful propaganda barrage was launched. John Clements Associates worked feverishly to feed the propaganda mill.

There was also more direct action. A fleet of huge Globemaster transports ferried tons of rifles, machine guns and other arms to Honduras and Nicaragua. Castillo, who had just returned from a trip to Washington, was also provided with six aging Thunderbolts. Clements supplied the six pilots — five ex-Marine fliers, one former Air Force pilot — to fly them.

Inside Guatemala, the arrival of the *Alfhem* stunned army leaders. Grown soft and corrupt, the officers suddenly awoke to the fact that the *Alfhem* arms were intended for the "People's Militia" which was beginning to be organized. That was too much. The Guatemalan military men were not regarded as overly bright; however, even they knew that the regular army would be committing suicide if the Communist militia brigades got hold of the *Alfhem* arms.

The officers supervised the unloading of the ship and hauled the munitions away to well-guarded army arsenals. Arbenz demanded that the arms be turned over to him. The army stalled, feverishly debating what to do.

Top-ranking Guatemalan army officers still had very little enthusiasm for Castillo Armas and his Liberation Movement — even though a few Castillo agents were quietly spreading the word that there would be no reprisals against the officers when Arbenz fell; they could keep their fine homes, Cadillacs and high salaries. The officers listened with only half an ear. They were more distracted by the international publicity storm beating about their ears. Clements' PR firm was very busy indeed.

For his part, Castillo Armas was also making plenty of noise. He made daily broadcasts to Guatemala, gave news conferences at which he freely admitted

that military operations were about to begin. His khaki-clad troops walked openly through the streets of Tegucigalpa. And, as later came to light, the Guatemalan government had a spy ring operating within the "Supreme Chief's" own headquarters.

DeLarme's Beechcraft, the Grey Goose, began leaflet raids on the Guatemalan capital and other cities. Clandestine radios, two in Honduras and one in Guatemala, came on the air. Propaganda leaflets were smuggled across the Guatemalan border. The propaganda had one message: the invasion is about to begin.

Clements and Castillo Armas had decided that the situation now called for direct invasion, not infiltration. Plans were to march into Guatemala and cut communications between the capital and Puerto Barrios, the country's major eastern seaport. A seaborne force was to seize the port, thus providing a supply line. As far as possible, the Liberation Army would avoid direct combat with the regular army. The presence of rebel troops on Guatemalan soil was expected to have more impact psychologically than militarily.

Militarily, the odds were heavily stacked against the rebels. The

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*... Guatemalans . . .  
nervously watched the  
sky, fearful of being hit  
by flying mules.*

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Guatemalan army numbered about 7,000 men. The Communists could put perhaps 3,000 militia into the field. Castillo Armas claimed to have 2,000 troops; actually, his invasion army numbered barely 300 men.

On June 15, chartered DC-3s began to airlift, at \$450 a flight, rebel troops to points along the Guatemalan frontier. A truck convoy headed for San Pedro Sula, a town 110 miles northwest of Tegucigalpa and about 25 miles from Guatemala. This was the force that was to attack Puerto Barrios. The Honduran hamlets of Copan, Nueva Ocotepeque and Macuelizo were to serve as bases for the stab into central Guatemala.

Castillo Armas clapped a helmet on his head, posed for photographers, then headed for the border. The invasion was about to begin.

On June 18, three tiny rebel columns pushed into Guatemala. There was virtually no initial resistance. Liberation troops occupied the village of Florida; other rebels advanced to the rail line linking Guatemala City with Puerto Barrios. Casualties were almost nil. There was good reason.

The main "Liberation Army" unit occupied the dreary little town of Esquipulas just inside the Guatemalan

border. The liberators immediately began photographing each other. Then they thrust empty rifles into the hands of bewildered villagers, lined them up and photographed them — proof that Guatemalans were rushing to join the rebel ranks.

Clements Associates showed a fine sense of realism by trying to bar foreign newsmen from the "war zone." Unfortunately, a few did slip through — and apparently the only reason the whole thing wasn't revealed as a farce was that it ended so fast. Oddly enough, the Guatemalan Army's doughty commanders contributed to the hoax by sending back to the capital chilling reports of bloody battles and heavy losses inflicted on the invaders.

News of the invasion hit Guatemala City like a bombshell. The army command was almost as rattled as Arbenz' government officials. The Guatemalans were particularly unnerved by rebel air action. Two American-piloted P-47's suddenly appeared in the sky over the capital and machinegunned the vicinity of the Presidential Palace. The pilots also scattered a few five-pound fragmentation bombs.

Soldiers manning .50 calibre machine guns fired back. Nobody on either side got hurt. But the bombs and bullets did make a hell of a racket — and that was the Colonel's objective.

Elsewhere in Guatemala, Liberation agents employed a strange psychological warfare tactic. Mules were shot and left in public places. Sight of the dead animals was intended to create an impression of violence and unrest — and did. Some Guatemalans were convinced that lunatics were dumping mules out of airplanes; they nervously watched the sky, fearful of being hit by flying mules.

Jack Clements was later to rate his radio propaganda almost as effective, psychologically, as the air action. Broadcasts were carefully prepared. They stressed patriotic appeals to cast out the "alien Red invader" — many non-political Guatemalans were uneasily aware of the swarms of foreign extremists who had poured into their country.

Back in Tegucigalpa, Clements' press agents worked feverishly. The communiques handed foreign reporters read like descriptions of the Battle of the Bulge. "Liberationist land, sea and air forces are striking at Puerto Barrios and San Jose ..." headquarters announced.

It was not quite a total lie. Lone Thunderbolts had made brief passes at both ports.

In point of fact, both sides were talking, not fighting. Atmosphere in the Guatemalan capital bordered on hysteria. Government leaders made fiery speeches. Army officers debated feverishly among themselves. Their

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In retrospect, what has occurred is that the firing circuit is broken with the remote device in place. When the fired bullet penetrates the screen, it bridges the circuit, touching both conductive screen surfaces simultaneously, and thereby allowing the electrical energy to detonate the charge. Retracing our steps back to the previous discussion of materials needed, it now becomes clear why the size of the screen is dependent upon the distance from firer to screen, and the mesh size must be small enough to preclude the bullet travelling completely through, without making contact with the screen. The cardboard or stiff paper acts as an insulator between the two screen surfaces. The clothes pins hold the two pieces of screen and the paper insulator sandwich together. When assembling this device, be absolutely certain that the two screen surfaces are totally insulated from each other. Check this very carefully. It only takes one small point of contact to blow the whole set-up — which could be very hazardous to your health! Particular attention must also be paid to the placement of the clothes pins. Since their two sides are connected by a metallic spring, it is critical to insure that the clothes pin

spring does not make contact with the screens. As can be seen from the accompanying photographs, twelve clothes pins were utilized in our experiment. The number is dictated by the dimensions of the remote device. It can also be seen from the photos, that Nich used his .45 pistol with full copper jacketed bullets to fire at the device. Any metallic-jacketed bullet of any caliber will suffice; rifles are fine if the device must be hit from quite some distance. A sniper can easily initiate a wave of explosions at precisely chosen moments from several hundred yards distance, assuring his total safety, by utilizing this little inexpensive remote device.

From the above discussion, one can observe that it is not always necessary to go "by the book," in order to successfully accomplish a mission. By utilizing readily available materials and spending only several minutes labor, a perfectly valid remote firing device can be made, facilitating a safe, certain approach to special problems for S.W.A.T. team members who are called upon to effectively combat insurgent, terrorist activities.



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troops sat in barracks and wondered what the hell was going on. Communist union leaders made impassioned pleas for arms. Arbenz sat in his Presidential Palace and conferred endlessly with aides: How far could he trust the army? Should he or should he not order troops to the "front?" The verbal hand-wringing continued day after day.

Meanwhile, the Liberation Army continued to shoot photos, not guns. Militarily, it wasn't accomplishing any more than was Arbenz' befuddled army.

But the conflict wasn't all comic opera by any means. There were few battle casualties during the invasion — but 500 to 600 people died in Arbenz' prisons. Men, women and children were shot, strangled, stabbed, beaten to death, even drowned in bloody reprisals against alleged anti-Communists. Some men were castrated; others had their tongues torn out by pliers and left dangling from their mouths.

However, the death toll could have been far higher. There is evidence that the Communists had made tentative arrangements for the mass slaughter of the several thousand Americans in Guatemala. Truckloads of militia sped through the streets of the capital, occasionally firing shots in front of American residences and shouting threats to "cleanse the country of the gringo." And this might well have happened had the civil war lasted a few more days.

continued on page 77

## CZECH SPY

continued from page 43

**Agent Kmen** — Only described as an employee of the British Treasury.

**Agent Lee** — A Member of the House of Commons who provided the Czechs with information on the leadership of the Labor Party and on military matters.

**Agent Markyz** — Described only as a police officer in London.

**Agent Marconi** — an employee of the Royal Air Force Institute. He passed data on a critically sensitive British jamming device.

Other Czech agents mentioned were an officer in the Austrian Military Intelligence, a NATO headquarters secretary, someone working in the Austrian Government who provided details of all Czech exiles and escapees who passed through Austria.

When asked about Czech penetration of the U.S. Army Counter-Intelligence Corps, Frolik stated that he was not aware of the details but he knew that the CIC had indeed been penetrated. He explained that after a Czech counter-intelligence officer defected and was interrogated by the CIC, within two



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